

The Evolution of Transportation, Really Really Fast!

Ran into my apartment to get wine for our picnic.

When I got back to my electric airbike, it had been replaced by a quantum jet motorcycle.

Not stolen? No, an explanation on my brilliance-phone.
Anticipated my desiring it.

Had a compartment to put the wine.

Shot off! Wow! Then, way past Gretchen's house!

Reverse-thrust back.

Wasn't there, so I used Body Warmth Finder. She was caressing a Hover-Mover just delivered, and wanted us to take that to the picnic.

"It takes care of getting your wine!"

"How?"

*Oh do not ask what is it!
Let us go and form our picnic.*

One sits anywhere on the device. It doesn't ask where you're going.

"I don't know if I like all this!"

'It's the Twenty-Third Century! Don't be a pussy!"

I hated her showing off ancient languages!